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Life



JUNE 21, 1923

The Makings

PRICE 15 CENTS

What's in your telephone

This picture, taken "behind the scenes", gives some idea of the complexity of your telephone. In the 201 parts which make up this instrument are materials brought from every corner of the earth.

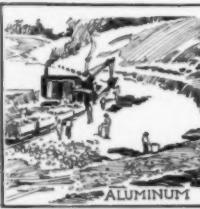
To select these materials and refine them, to produce from them the finely-wrought coils and contacts and diaphragms, to assemble the many parts into a smooth-working and long-lasting telephone—all this calls for a manufacturing skill of high order.

Western Electric telephones are the product of fifty-four years' manufacturing experience.

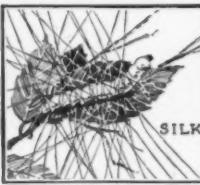
Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

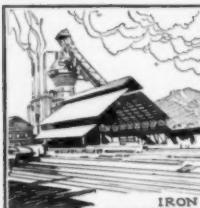
No. 4 of a series
on raw materials.



Transmitter diaphragm



In covering on receiver and extension cords.



Magnet structure, Terminal and base plate, clamp and screws.



Coil windings. (An brass) receiver terminals, screws, handle.



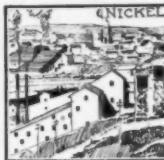
Receiver case; diaphragm cap.

WOOL

Felt pad at base.



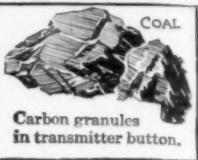
In linen paper in transmitter button.



Contact springs. Also for nickel plating transmitter parts.



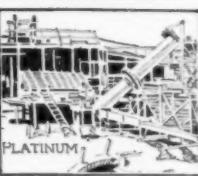
Transmitter button.



Carbon granules in transmitter button.



Used in mouthpiece composition.



Contact metal for contact points in springs.



In covering on cord.



In contact springs and all brass parts.



One of the outside finish constituents.



In all soldered joints.

TIN

Used in solder with tin.

Senex Irritans

WHEN I was twenty the world was a daisy,
Blue were the skies as the eyes of a girl:
"Elders and betters" were no less than crazy—
Day was a jig and the night was a whirl.

When I was forty the world was a melon,
Every one out to make sure of his slice
Juicy enough to get sick and get well on—
Ready to buy and to pay the full price.

Now I am sixty the running is faster—
Not a whit daunted, I step just aside
Watching the race, and avoiding disaster,
Smiling superior, clothed in my pride.

Oh, for the zest of it! Forty and twenty
Each had his fling—but for sixty remains
Only remembrance, and echoes in plenty.
Still—there's some pleasure in using your brains! W. S. M.

**Three Beautiful Roof Gardens****In Three Great Cities**

Atop the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York
Atop the Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia
Atop the New Willard, in Washington
Where, high above the rush and roar of busy streets—cooled always by pleasant breezes—one may dine, or dance, and enjoy to the utmost the cuisine for which these hotels are justly famous.

If your summer plans include a stay in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington, reserve rooms at these hotels—affiliated not only in business management, but in the spirit of friendliness and service which characterize the entertainment of their guests.

Reservations may be made by mail, wire or radio.

L. M. BOOMER, President

The Waldorf-Astoria, New York
The Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia
Roy Carruthers, Managing Director
James P. A. O'Conor, Managing Director
The New Willard, Washington
Frank C. Hight, Managing Director

How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System

by
R. Kendrick Smith, M.D.



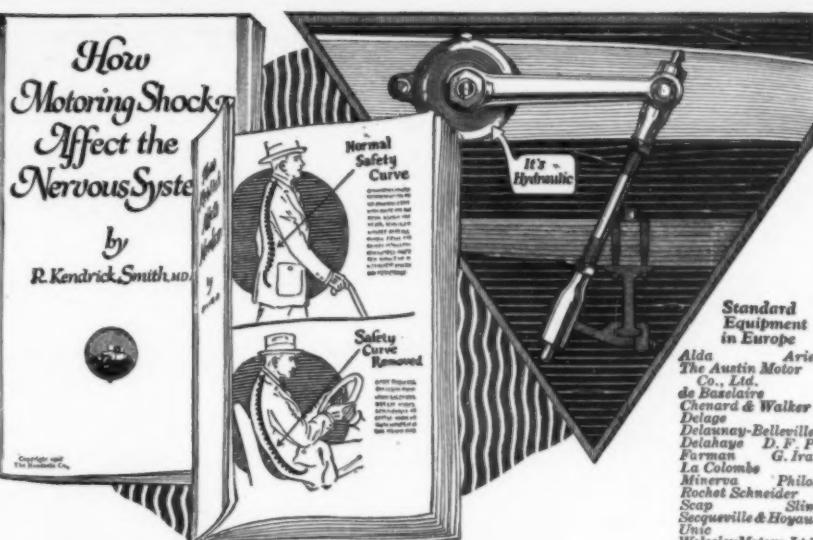
Standard Equipment in America
Lincolns
Cunninghams
Mercury
while many thousands have been applied to Cadillacs
Locomobiles
Pierce-Arrows
Packards
Studebakers
Hudsons
Buicks
and many other makes.

HOO-DYE Shock Absorbers
Hydraulic

THE HOUDAILLE CO., 1418 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Houde Eng. Corp., Mfr's.

Recollections of an Intercollegiate Boat Race

HAM sandwiches and ginger-ale... pocket flasks... vendors of flags, shouting, "Buy the winning colors"... feathers and arm bands... families and friends... fiancées... crowded hotel lobbies... packed lunch counters... brass bands... groups of youths in crownless hats, polo coats, golf suits, tennis shoes... endless lines of motor cars... searching for the tickets... the observation train... car twenty-one... the surreptitious betting... the friend you haven't seen since college... his buxom daughter... motor-boats, steam yachts, tugs, ferries... whistles, sirens, horns... cries of, "They're off!"... frenzied cheering... the half-mile mark... the weeping sophomore... the half-way mark... the hysterical graduate... the last few strokes... strained, hoarse shouts... the finish!... "Buy the winning colors"... masses of humanity... running, yelling, crushing... the "special" to town... the club car.



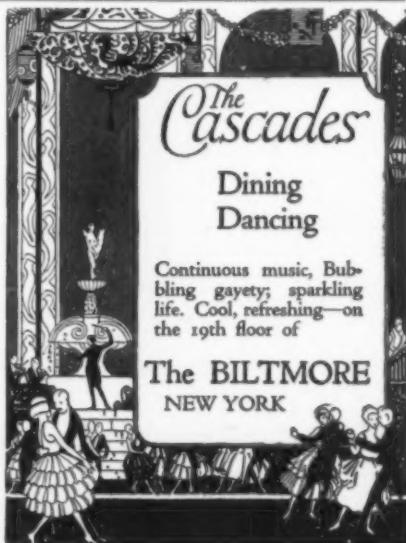
Standard Equipment in Europe
Aldo
The Austin Motor Co., Ltd.
de Baselaire
Chenard & Walker
Delage
Delaunay-Belleville
Delahaye D.F.P.
Fiat
La Colombe
Minerva
Rochet Schneider
Scap
Secqueville & Hoyau
Unic
Wolseley Motors Ltd.

"How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System"

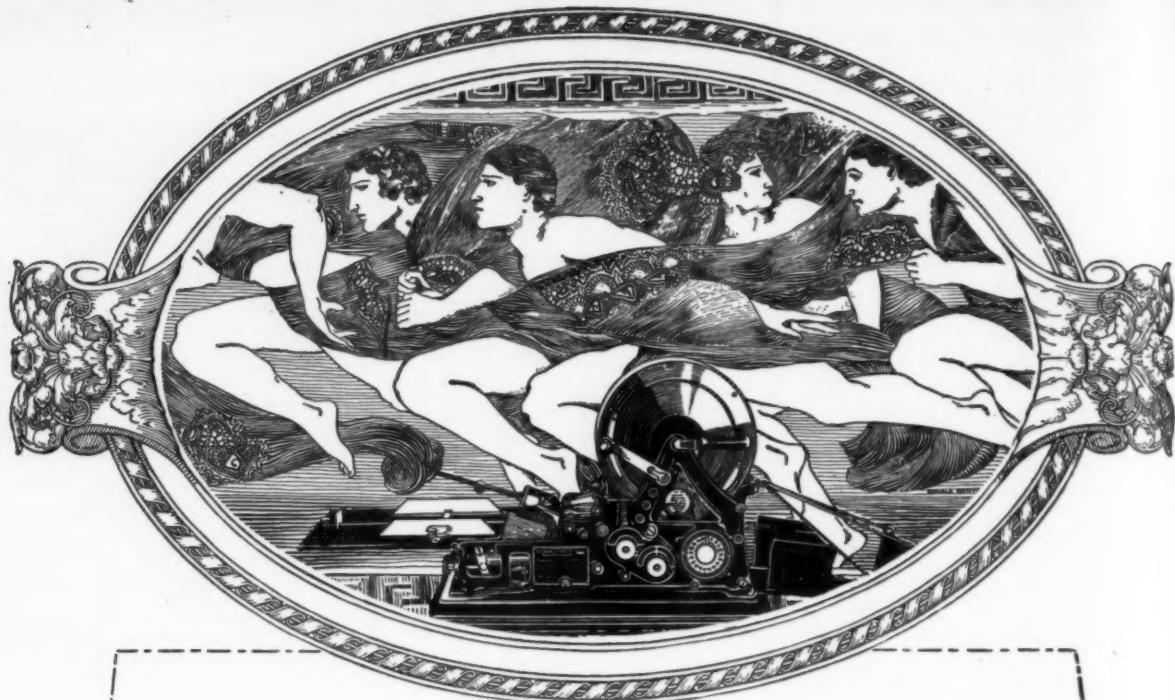
by **R. Kendrick Smith, M.D.**

IF motoring wearis you and makes you conscious of your tired nerves, send for this important book by one of America's foremost physicians. Everyone should read this book for it points a simple way to nerveless motoring that increases the vitality by eliminating fatigue. For your health's sake you should have a copy, and we will gladly send one free upon request.

Hoo-Dyes give marvelous relief and a hitherto unrealized comfort to motorists. They safeguard even an invalid against the fatigue of rough roads. There can be no road shock where there are Hoo-Dyes with their liquid cushions to give perfect riding comfort.

**HOTEL ASPINWALL**
LENOX, MASS.

High and Cool in the Berkshires
June 16 to Oct. 15. Elevation 1400 feet.
Golf, Tennis, Saddle Riding, Orchestra.
Management L. A. TWOROGER
Winter Resort; Princess Hotel, Bermuda



The skilful use of great speed has won a goodly share of the world's outstanding triumphs

To do a job well must be always the first consideration in any worth-while endeavor.

If America is going to stand before the world as a producer of slipshod workmanship, her doom is sealed.

Skilful speed is the urgent need!

Our daily work must be not only well done, but it must be done with dexterous dispatch!

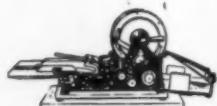
The Mimeograph has made its important place in industrial and educational affairs throughout the world, not only because of the good work it does, but because it does good work speedily.

Five thousand well-printed duplicates of a typewritten letter, form, blank, design, diagram, or similar "copy" is its easy hourly grist.

The work is done privately, without the employment of especially trained workpeople, and at almost negligible cost.

He who uses all the means at hand for the attaining of skilful speed is surest of his coveted triumph.

The A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will immediately send you its booklet "W-5" and all information concerning the mimeographing process, upon receipt of your request. Today—now!



Life

To a Sweet Girl Graduate

LOVELY you are, my dear, and wise,
Wonderment sits within your eyes,
The Baccalaureate address
Has left you somewhat in distress—
Upon "life's great uncharted sea"
Your "little barque" will shortly be.

Sweet child, step softly. Just because
You know the esoteric laws,
Don't think such knowledge grants you grace
To bid no-trumps without an Ace;
The low-down on the Renaissance
Is not a road-map for romance;
What's Swinburne's rhythm on a shelf
If you can't keep in step yourself?
De Quincey's style will not atone
For lack of smartness in your own;
And Euclid is a total loss
When up against a double cross.

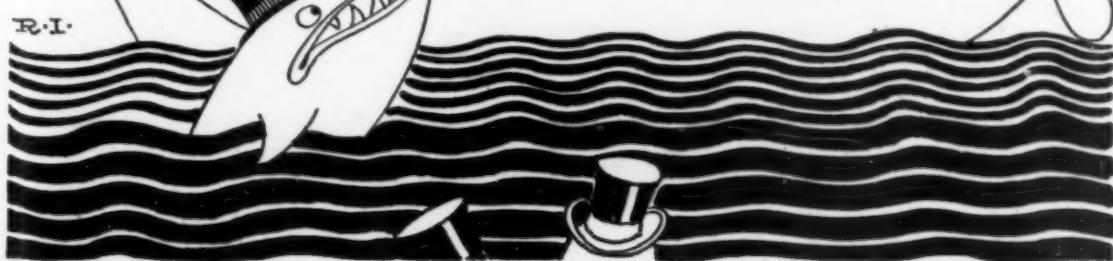
The world is full of people, child,
Whose English is a bit defiled
(Though you've sufficient intellect
Their verbal errors to correct—
It takes a little more, you know,
To keep yourself from doing so),
Many strong men with lots of cash
Have never heard of Thomas Nashe.

Don't be discouraged. Year by year
Life will grow more delightful, dear;
You'll find in time that you'll discount
An unbelievable amount
Of what seems so important now,
So smooth those wrinkles from your brow.
I know, my child, whereof I speak,
For once I too could translate Greek.

Baird Leonard.



R.I.



Commencement Day Program of a Correspondence School Senior

ARRIVAL of cap and gown from Sears-Roebuck, by parcel post.

Reading of the graduating senior's address by the post-office sorter.

Awarding of the diploma by the letter carrier.

Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Frank Crane, delivered as second-class matter.

Conferring of the honorary degree of Ph. D. (Doctor of Philately).

Silent toast to missing lessons in the dead-letter office.

Adoption of "Stick to it" as class motto.

Whistling number by Postmen's Quartet.

Awarding of the P. B. K. (Postoffice Box Key).

Three cheers and a tiger for Postmaster-General New.

Singing of the alma mailer song.

Senior spread, consisting of letters salad.

Neal O'Hara.

The Chance of a Lifetime

"I WAS surprised to hear your daughter was married on her commencement day."

"Yes. Our friends were all surprised. But when my wife and I discovered that Alice's young man was the only member of his college class who had never written any free verse, revolutionary novels or one-act plays, had never been a campus notable, and was looking forward to graduation so he could help manage his father's farm—well, we thought she had better grab him."



THE GREAT OPEN SPACES

THE old-fashioned girl who married a man to reform him now has a daughter who would rather marry a reformer to make a man out of him.

SHE: Wonderful view from the mountain top.
HE: Yes, if there was only something to see.



"WHAT IS A MARGIN?"

"I DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU LOSE YOUR MONEY."

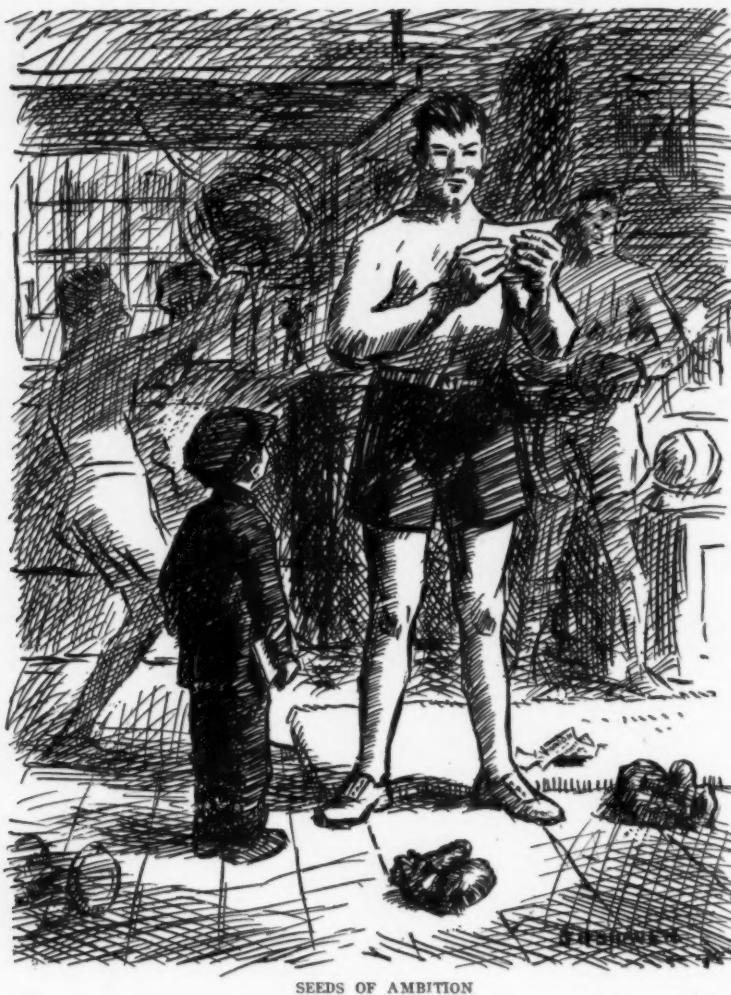


THE LOWBROW

College Boys

COLLEGE boys who are always on a vacation...college boys who are never on a vacation...college boys who vote "Crossing the Bar" their favorite poem...college boys who invariably sing, "For It's Always Fair Weather..."...college boys who fox-trot at the Plaza Grill...college boys who wear hats that are too large for them...college boys who never wear hats...college boys who always carry enormous bank-rolls...college boys who are always broke...college boys who lead cheers

while standing on their heads...college boys who sleep through lectures...college boys who return from town on the milk train...college boys who drive racing automobiles...college boys who are always getting arrested...college boys who smoke pipes with their college initials on them...college boys who sport carnation *boutonnieres*...college boys who read Schopenhauer...college boys who read *La Vie Parisienne*...college boys who leave college after one month...college boys who never leave college.



Your Career

(As It Looks to You After Listening to Your Successful Friends and Relatives on Commencement Day.)

YOU will begin by buying a farm in Nebraska and selling bonds in Kansas City while nursing a law practice in Omaha. You will be an advertising writer in the East, an automobile salesman in the South, and an engineer in the Great Northwest. You will begin at the bottom, somewhere near the top, marry young and stay single until you are established.

You will marry a poor girl who has lots of money. You will live in the city, small town and country and write novels and poems and paint pictures.

You will own your own home, paying for it on the installment plan in a lump sum, and keep house in an apartment.

Above all, you will work hard and take things easy for health is the most important thing and never should be risked except in reaching the goal of such a career as you picture on Commencement Day.

McCready Huston.

Triolet

THE girl of to-day
Is much like her mother.
Whatever you say,
The girl of to-day
Will have her own way
One way or another.
The girl of to-day
Is much like her mother.

G. E. C.

Things LIFE Would

Rather Like to Know

WHETHER the song of the sugar boycotters is "Sweet and Low."

* * *

Why there is never any danger of a shortage of labor leaders.

* * *

If Luther hit his thumb when nailing his thesis to the church door.

* * *

How Mrs. Noah kept the curl in her ostrich feathers.

* * *

If Mrs. Jonah swallowed the whale.

* * *

Whether the dry-ship ruling will make it easier for seasick travelers to tell whether they are coming or going.

* * *

Why so few of our seagoing Congressmen book passage on Shipping Board vessels.

* * *

Whether the small boy of to-morrow will have to suffer the added humiliation of wearing pants made from mother's knickers.

* * *

How long before telegrams will be sent non-STOP.

A Kitchenette Monologue

MY stars, but it's good to get back to town and the little old kitchenette! Why, out where I was they had a kitchen as big as this whole flat, with cookpots and saucepans as big as bathtubs, pretty near. Town'll do for me. You can talk all you want about country feed, but I never saw a slice of smoked salmon or a piece of Swiss cheese the whole time I was there: Nothing but fresh vegetables and green stuff, world without end. String beans and limas and corn and cauliflower till you couldn't see. Beets? Sure, but not a pickled beet in the lot. And no potato salad. Not even a frankfurter or a bit of bologna. Roast lamb and beef when I was just pining away for a plate of soused mackerel or a quarter's worth of crabflakes with mayonnaise.

"Say, dearie, you can believe me or not, but there wasn't a delicatessen store within twenty miles of where I was this summer! My, but I'm glad to get back to civilization!"

An Educational Clinic

PRESIDENT ELIOT has given the following directions for educating children. Our service department has worked out the specific details.

1. Enlist the interest of every pupil in every school in his daily task. This may be done by finding out what the pupil is interested in and giving him only that to do. At the end of the term an exhibition may be held showing the work which has been accomplished, including the following exhibits: (1) dismembered clocks; (2) snow men; (3) cores of apples eaten; (4) frogs caught; (5) little girls teased by little boys; (6) little boys' caps snatched off by little girls; (7) moderately-trained dogs; (8) half-smoked cigars.

2. Cultivate every hour in every child the power to see and describe accurately. Place each child in a strait-jacket and keep him there during school-hours. Blinders may also be used in cases of roving-eye.

3. Make the training of the senses a prime object every day. This will be a very popular course. Laboratory work will include training in sensory stimuli, such as heavy-eating, elementary drinking of light wines, grading gently into Scotch and gin, evening work at the "Follies" and general revelry.



THE END OF AN ARGUMENT

"NOW, YOU ARE A MAN WHO HAS MADE A MARK IN THE WORLD."

"BUT THINK HOW THE MARK HAS DEPRECIATED."

4. Teach every child to draw, model, sing, or play a musical instrument, and read music. Those teachers whose duty it is to teach the playing of musical instruments to the entire class will be divided into fifteen-minute shifts, with a two weeks' vacation in a sanitarium between classes. A cordon of mounted police will be drawn up around the building to keep the children at their practicing.

5. Keep the atmosphere of every school and family charged with the master sentiments of love, hope and duty. Keep out both fear and selfishness. This can be done by removing fear and selfishness from the minds of the teachers, and a good way to start would be to pay them some of the money now spent in perfecting poison gas and bomb-dropping devices.

R. C. B.

House Cursing

M OLDER, ye Walls! wherefrom, a Malcontent,
I move because ye Landlord raised ye Rent!
Crack, Plaster! till ye Lath Work stand revealed!
Burst, Water Pipes! by bitter Frost congealed!
Admit ye Draft, each Window! Smoke, ye Flue!
Let slimy Floods ye Cellarage imbrue!
And, after long and dismal Years are flown
While every Cell is tenantless and lone,
On some wild Night when all is black as Sin,
Accursed Hovel, may ye Roof fall in!

A. G.

R UB: There goes a man who took a short cut to wealth.
DUB: Yes, that's my butcher!

T HE good men do sometimes lives after them—but nobody is interested in it.

"NO, TOM, I FIND I DON'T LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO MARRY YOU."



THE QUEEN

Ballade of a Not Insupportable Loss

WHOM will slacken the mental strain,

Who'll sit down and explain to me,
This, the riddle that racks my brain,
This, the theme of my monody?
I'm a glutton for mystery,—
Plots and puzzles to me are clear;
Just one thing has me up a tree,—
Where did the flappers disappear?

What's become of that mighty train,
All so carefully bold and free,
Each like each, as were drops of rain,
Short of garment, and frank of knee?
Do they flap in eternity?
All I know is, they are not here;
To the riddle, I hold no key,—
Where did the flappers disappear?

Think not, reader, that I'd complain.
Squander on me no sympathy.
Though they've vanished, I feel no pain,—
I get on—rather swimmingly.
I'd not cavil at Fate's decree;
Rather, give it a rousing cheer,
Still, there's something I cannot see,—
Where did the flappers disappear?

L'Envoi:
Prince, you've labored incredibly
Tracing the snows of yesteryear;
Answer this one, and let that be,—
Where did the flappers disappear?

Dorothy Parker.



Son Worship

"I'M going to lay off next week and run down to the State University if my son is not too busy to have me," said the gray-haired travelling salesman. "He's president of

the graduating class and with that and settling up his debts he'll be pretty busy. He's been a good boy at college. He's done the four years in three automobiles. All last year he

spent only a little over three hundred dollars for tires. He may need a new car now; he wrote me that if I came down to Commencement for a few minutes I could drive it home as it wasn't worth shipping. He has decided to come home by way of Europe and the Orient, so he won't need it.

"He's not like the average boy who goes through college. He knows exactly what he's going to do. I asked him the last time I saw him, three years ago this month. I said, 'Henry, what are you going to do when you get out of college?' And he answered instantly, 'I'm going to travel.'

"I thought at first he meant he was going to learn my business but he said, 'Hell, no; I mean travel in Europe and after that I'm going to write some novels.' So his future is all settled; that is one comfort."

McC. H.

Vaudeville

"YOU are no good as acrobats."
"Then bill our act as a classic dance."

"WHAT'S the world coming to?"
"America."



Tom: AREN'T YOU GOING AWAY THIS SUMMER?

Jim: OH, YES, WE WERE. BUT MY WIFE PUT AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE PAPER AND IT SOUNDED SO ATTRACTIVE SHE DECIDED WE WOULD HAVE TO STAY HOME TO ENJOY IT.

Sizzle!



"OH, GAWD! IF ONLY I DON'T MEET ANY 'KEEP OFF' SIGNS, THIS PLACE'LL BE THE CAT'S MEOW."

whee! Hot pavements and high buildings which absorb the heat during the day and radiate it during the night. Open windows only let in more heat. Even the rich in their high-ceiled rooms and behind the thick walls, with electric fans and ever-ready baths, cannot escape entirely the tortures of New York's heat in midsummer.

What about the poor and especially the little children of the poor? Nothing. They simply have to stand it, or die under it. Absurd as it may seem, the poor have children. And the children are helpless to change their condition. In the day-time they can play in the streets, dodging automobiles and feeling the heat of the soft asphalt with their bare feet. At night, if they are lucky, they can sleep on the tenement roof or fire-escape. If these are too crowded, they can try to sleep in the small rooms with the small windows letting in nothing but heat, bad air and bad smells. Sometimes the mothers with very small babies get a change by going down to the street to sleep, sitting on the curb with their heads leaning against a friendly lamp-post.

The Way to Help

NO one can alleviate the sufferings of *all* these little poor children. Each of us, though, can do his or her bit. A ten-dollar bill will send one of these poor kiddies to the country for two weeks. There its little lungs will be filled with the fresh air of the hills and its little tummy with milk and bread and butter and other wholesome things to give it strength for the unequal fight back in the hot city. It can roll in the grass, kick up its heels, play games if it is big enough, wade or swim in the brook, and do a lot of other things it couldn't even dream of in a New York tenement in hot weather.

Fractions of ten dollars will send fractions of kids and multiples of ten dollars will send multiples of kids. Go as far as you like and let it come along to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. The Fund will do the rest as it has done in the last thirty-six years for thousands of these little tenement victims.

On Life's Farm

LIFE'S Fresh Air Farm is located at Branchville, Connecticut. From the close of school in June until its opening in September, parties of about two hundred

PERHAPS you don't know the meaning of hot weather in New York City. You are to be congratulated. No matter how hard the August sun beats down, if you live in the country or the suburbs, you can get under the shade of a tree or seek the coolness of the piazza. Of hot nights you can flee to the sleeping porch or at least get fresh air through the open windows.

But in New York—

and fifty children are given a fortnight's vacation in the country. The children sent there are drawn from the city missions, from the East Side and various "settlements" and poorer districts of Greater New York, and the effect on them of a fortnight of good food and pure country air is surprising. No needy child is ever refused, if it can possibly be taken. Caretakers are always with the children. In an experience with more than forty thousand children at the Farm, so far there has not been one serious accident or a worse illness than results from over-appreciation of green apples.

LIFE's Farm is supported entirely by contributions from its friends and readers. Costs are high this year, but an average cost for the past three years of about ten dollars has provided a happy vacation in a life where happy vacations are a rarity. However small or large the contribution, we can use it to advantage. Acknowledgment is made in LIFE about three weeks after receipt, also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.

Visitors are welcome at the Farm.

Life's Fresh Air Endowments

IF you want to make your well-doing immortal, you may establish a Fresh Air Endowment. This insures that every summer, for all time, a poor child will be sent from New York's slums to be made happy and strengthened by a fortnight's stay in the country. All you have to do is to send two hundred dollars to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. That amount will be placed in a perpetual trust and the income used for the purpose stated. More than that, the Endowment may bear your name or that of some cause or some person for whom you wish to create a memorial. Any of these privileges are yours by sending the check to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Funds have been received from Cass Gilbert, Esq., of New York City, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 251
In Memory of ELIZABETH.

From Charles Opperman, Esq., of New York City, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 252
In Memory of MRS. CHARLES OPPERMAN.

From Mrs. John Louis Ireland of Erie, Pennsylvania, to establish
FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 253
In Memory of Doctor JOHN LOUIS IRELAND

From Mrs. Herbert S. Greims of Ridgefield, Connecticut, to establish
FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 254
In Memory of Mrs. GEORGE A. HEARN.

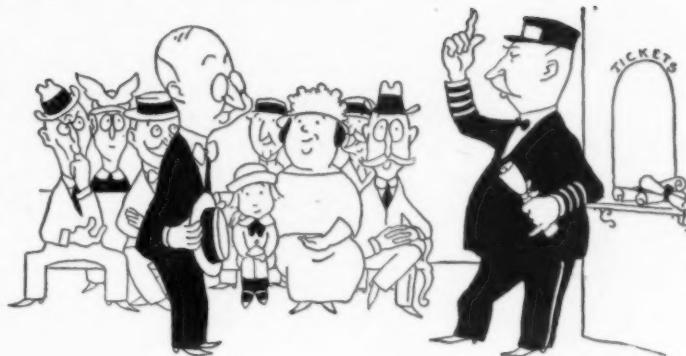
(Acknowledgments of contributions to the current expenditures of The Fresh Air Fund will be found on page 29.)



"I THINK YA BETTER STICK 'EM UNDER YA SHOIT, THERE'S A MAN WATCHIN' US"

The Broader Education

WHY are diplomas reserved solely for the graduates of schools and colleges? Isn't a man like Mr. Wilmerding, who has satisfactorily completed a four-year course in commuting at Belair Gardens, just as much entitled to his parchment? Mr. Wilmerding knows what all the asterisks, daggers and other codes in the timetable mean; given any figure from the same textbook, he can translate it into daylight, standard or the time the train actually starts. The railroads ought to encourage that sort of spirit by conducting June graduation exercises along the suburban lines.



The seminar in blacksmithing is cramming for its finals. We venture to say that this course will turn out a set of graduates incomparable in anvil and hammer work. Of course, though they owe a good deal to their suburban training, it is true that they have got their real education out of the hard knocks of life.



The scholar leaning over his garden fence holds a Ph. D. in general information. He can, and will, tell you that you are planting the wrong kind of seed, or using the wrong size of furnace coal; that you do wrong in starting your car; and why you ought never to have bought that make. Indeed, his fund of learning is apparently inexhaustible.



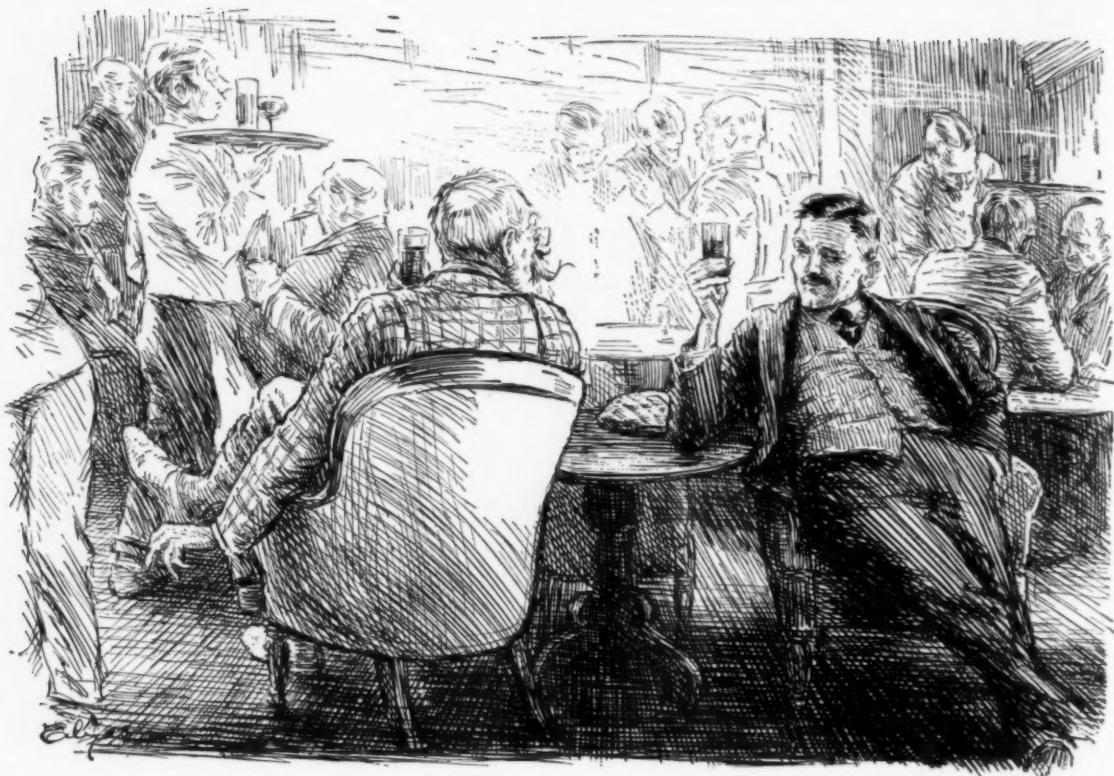
Observe the poise that a diploma has given to Mr. Bastings. He is trying to call up his office and has been told for the third time that there is no such number. But the training he went through to get his degree of Bachelor of Practical Telephony (*magna cum laude*) has taught him repose.

Before acquiring his M. A. in the domestic sciences the student pictured below will have to pass a rigorous examination in dishwashing. Among other things, he must know which soap to use, where the dishtowels are kept, whether the potatoes are worth saving and what to do with the butter left on the plates. It is rumored that a certain number of men are purposely flunking the course; but to no avail, since the trend of modern thought among wives is toward compulsory education.



Mrs. Demsh, the woman portrayed below, believing that the higher education is just a new-fangled way of wasting time and money, has steadfastly refused to try for a degree in Modern Merchandising. As a result, this uncultured woman might just as well stay home on bargain day.





"I SEE THERE'S A NEW SHIP LAUNCHED THAT WILL BEAT ALL RECORDS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC."
"WHAT'S THE IDEA?"



JOHN H. CITYBIRD READS HIS MORNING NEWSPAPER AS USUAL AFTER MOVING TO THE COUNTRY.

The Young Idea

"WHAT would you be?" the Father asked,
As the youngster sucked his thumb.
"I should like to be a bandit masked,"
And the Father's heart grew numb:
For the lust of gold, the child he told,
Would land him in the pen.
And the child he smiled, as his dreams beguiled,
And simply answered, "When?"
Then up he speaks in strident squeaks:
"Dear Father, I know you're wrong—
For the man with the kale need never fear jail,
And a trial takes ever so long."

J. V. S. B.

Over the Wire

1245 NT BLUE

MY LOVE FOR YOU WILL NEVER STOP STOP LOVING YOU I
CANNOT EVER STOP DONT SAY I DONT STOP SAYING YES DONT
STOP PLEASE DONT STOP LOVE

(signed) BESS

Giving Him Rope

A LICE: Why do you let your husband do just as he
pleases?
VIRGINIA: It keeps me in spending money.

C OFFEE keeps more people awake than a bad con-
science.

Leagues

IT seems impossible for an American to cherish any conviction, however harmless, without at once starting a League, or a Society, or an Association, to represent that conviction, and to persuade other Americans to embrace it at a cost of \$10 a year. Suppose he is a Pacifist. Nobody knows what the word now implies, but it is popular still. Is he content to be a Pacifist in silence? Not if he knows it! He starts a "League for Peace." The next-door Pacifist, considering the title insufficiently explicit, starts a "League to Keep the Peace." The next-door-but-one Pacifist, who has a taste for authority, starts a "League to Enforce Peace." The next-door-but-two Pacifist caps them all with a "League to Abolish War." A gentle-hearted citizen who is assailed by all four Leagues forgets his gentleness and wants to fight. He will not even have anything to do with a "League of the Rights of Men," or a "League for the Conservation of Human Life." He has lost his taste for humanity.

Sir James Barrie has joined hands across the sea with proposals for a "League of Youth," being evidently under the impression that young people are in danger of being extinguished. There is a "League for the Preservation of American Independence," about which we are getting ner-

vous, a "League of the Upright" (German, as its name implies), and a "League of Walkers," organized by active gentlemen who are not minded, like Kipling's celebrated cat, to walk alone. The great principle of modern life is to do nothing alone. A "Guild of Free Lance Artists" sounds like a contradiction in terms. The thing which makes a Free Lance free is breaking away from guilds.

Leagues to control votes are in a class apart. They are said to be a great help to the citizen or citizeness who has a vote, and doesn't know what to do with it. Patriotic Societies celebrate anniversaries; an amusement which once had charm, but is now a trifle dry. A "Society of Justice," which had the agitating Dr. Percy S. Grant for a president, must have survived some tumultuous meetings. As Dr. Holmes once pointed out, there is plenty of non-alcoholic intoxication to be found in the world. All these Leagues, Societies, Associations and Guilds relieve man from the burden of individualism. Therefore does he pay their dues.

Agnes Repplier.

Rub-a-Dubs

"I'LL rub it in," says the pessimist.
"I'll rub it out," says the optimist.
"Aye, there's the rub," says the cynic.



*Husband: ONLY PLAYED NINE HOLES TO-DAY.
Wife: WILL THEY LAST YOU THROUGH THE EVENING?*



JUNE 21st, 1928

VOL. 81. 2120

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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SO Governor Smith has signed the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law and the saucy Drys in various parts of the country have made appropriate noises and that job is over! The Governor's action was proper, and should be useful. The memorandum he filed was full of sense and very creditable to him both in spirit and in fact. The best result of the action now taken by the State of New York would be some such modification of the Volstead Act as the Governor recommends. Volstead's definition of an intoxicating beverage as one that contains more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol is nonsense, as the Governor suggests, and does not accord with the experience of mankind. If Congress amends the Volstead law by adopting a more reasonable definition, thereby bringing the enforcement law into real harmony with the Eighteenth Amendment, such states as New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island may take more kindly to enforcement, and then, as Governor Smith suggests, other states that want the one-half of one per cent. limitation can have it under their own laws.

At best the Volstead law was an experimental measure to be tried out in practice. If it is imperfect, however is it to be improved unless some one objects to it in a practicable and forcible manner? That is what the State of New York has now done, and good results ought to follow it. Between now and the time when Congress meets again, the complication about stimulants on foreign vessels in our ports may have come to a head

so that new legislation may seem desirable to deal with them. So, all things considered, the prospect is not bad for tempering our prohibitory statutes with common sense.

For a good part of what the Prohibition Amendment has accomplished there is abundant support all over the country, New York State not excepted. No important body of voters wants to go back to pre-Amendment conditions, including the saloons. What is wanted in New York is an enforcement law that will command enough moral support to be enforceable.



DDAVID HIRSHFIELD, Mayor Hylan's Commissioner of Accounts, was invited by the Mayor two years ago to examine the school histories of the United States for traces of British propaganda. He has made a report. He discovered the traces and he intimates that the school histories are full of them, and are not at all suitable for young Americans to imbibe. He says the text books that he has examined, a list of which he gives, are over much devoted to the promotion of more friendly relations and mutual understanding with Great Britain, and offer a denatured American history for use in the public schools "and thus poison the source of our national pride, inspiration and morale." He accuses various people of being implicated in this endeavor and various organizations, such as the St. George's Society, the English Speaking Union, the Sulgrave Institute, the Pilgrim's Society, the Church Peace Union and the National Security League. He quotes some of the awful things that the histories

contain, most of them being rather nearer to truth than you would expect in a school history.



IT is intimated in the papers that the books Mr. Hirshfield complains of have been revised since he read them. But anyhow, he expects too much of histories. They are not expected to tell the political truth about anything, but to put out events so that they can be handled by the mind. Historians seldom agree about politics. There are two sides to almost every story and each historian selects the one he prefers. Real students can usually find out even the political truth about historical occurrences, but it takes a good deal of study and a mind unusual enough to know the truth when it discovers it.

The co-operation of the English speaking people is a cause very dear to many hearts, but it may be doubted if it is promoted by organizations such as Mr. Hirshfield speaks of that had been contrived to make it prosper. When you organize an idea, zeal immediately begins to get in its awful work, and a very natural opposition springs up. Too much encouragement is bad for affection, and objection is apt to stimulate it. Just now the papers tell about the adventure of certain agents of the English Speaking Union in trying to find the bones of Pocahontas. The quest was well intended but it does not seem to have promoted friendship, but, on the contrary, has made trouble by digging up too many bones of the dead.

The tie between the English speaking peoples is a great natural bond, based on racial likeness, mental similarity and community of tradition. In

ordinary times it would seem that the best way to help it on is to let it alone. It is very much a case for letting nature take its course.

Mayor Hylan is of Irish extraction, and Mr. Hirshfield, judging from his picture in the paper, is a Jew. They both represent large and powerful elements in New York, but they ought not to be the sole judges of the political truthfulness of New York School histories. There ought to be joined to them an Italian, and possibly even some citizen of Scotch, Welsh or English derivation, and various others.



WHEN a friend dies you can go to his funeral—send flowers if it is allowed—visit his grave if you are that much moved; but when a newspaper dies that you are fond of, how are the emotions to be expressed? The attachment that one forms for a newspaper that suits him, that does him good, that helps him to form opinions that he thinks are right and timely, is very strong indeed. There ought to be some means of protecting it. There seems to be none; none at least within the reach of moderate means. When Mr. Villard concluded to sell the *Evening Post*, Mr. Lamont bought it, and largely one may suppose for reasons of sentiment. When other reasons prevailed over these reasons with Mr. Lamont and he was ready to sell the paper, a group of citizens was gathered with money enough to buy it, and it still goes on. But here now is the *Globe* sold to Mr. Frank Munsey, for what reason Heaven knows, and by him gently but firmly disintegrated, and its "features" distributed, some to the *Sun*, some to the *Telegram*, and one, at least, to the *Mail*.

The *Globe* had come to be well established; prosperous apparently, and a promulgator of views tinged with idealism. To have Mr. Wright, its late editor, removed from the office of daily public adviser is a loss which many people would think serious, and which one must hope will somehow be avoided. Mr. Munsey can make newspapers go. His journals seem to prosper. Some of them are crowded with advertisements: some of them print a good deal of news, and do it acceptably. Possibly he is an agreeable em-



"I GUESS WE DON'T GRADUATE THIS YEAR."

ployer, but he is no idealist. His political mind has been abundantly disclosed in the *Herald* and the *Sun*. He is a hard-boiled Republican politician, and for him to buy the *Globe* meant of course extinction for the political soul of it. Some of its elements can doubtless be mortised into the other evening papers, but its soul has gone to glory, and souls being fairly scarce in New York newspaperdom nowadays, the translation of the spirit of the *Globe* seems untimely.



IN about a year now if nothing too destructive happens, candidates for President will be nominated in conventions somewhere. Meantime newspapers and other amateur politicians

discuss candidates a little and more practical politicians take thought about delegates. The person most discussed at this distance from action is Henry Ford. He is a safe subject for discussion and judging by the poll that is being held by *Collier's* he is the most popular candidate just now. He has written or helped to write a book about himself that exhibits him as an interesting character, but his late Pastor, Dr. Marquis, has also written a book about him, and says he would never do for President and that if we made him President we should be sorry.

No doubt. But how large is the number of voters whose particular desire it is to elect a president next time who will make most people sorry?

E. S. Martin.

LIFE



The Beginning of Comm

LIFE



g of Commencement



Hearts and Flowers

IT is not the sad things in the theatre that make this department cry. We have watched, dry-eyed, no fewer than twenty-four dozen elderly people dispossessed from their rose-covered cottages. Whole troupes of little children have pattered across the stage in their nighties begging their daddies to come back to Muvver, and we have been moved to nothing more emotional than a glance at our carefully polished nails. To the thousands of gray-haired mothers who have placed lamps in windows for errant sons we have muttered, with some famous cross person or other, "Let them eat cake!"

But when, in the recent Players Club revival of "The School for Scandal," John Drew and Ethel Barrymore stood hand-in-hand together on the same stage, there seemed to be only one thing to do, and that was to cry. Not because it was so sad, but because it was so splendid. We should like to add that to our recent list of Big Moments, probably at the top. And if you don't know why we felt that way, we can't tell you.



THERE was a thrilling quality to the whole production which had nothing to do with the author or the acting. To see Francis Wilson, Walter Hampden and Grant Mitchell (the latter without even a line) entering and exiting as servants, to see Robert Mantell, after making *Snake* a bit to be remembered, depart for most of the remainder of the play after the first scene, and to hear Reinold Werenrath sing a snatch of a drinking-song for a minute or two in the third act, all this was thrilling merely from the point of view of gorgeous prodigality.

And when you consider that, in addition to the names already mentioned, there were Tom Wise, McKay Morris, Charles Richman, Henry Dixey, Etienne Girardot, Albert Bruning, John Craig, Ernest Lawford, Violet Kemble-Cooper, Charlotte Walker and Carroll McComas, the thing becomes almost laughable. To any one telling you about it, the obvious remark was, "Yes, and Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth, too, I suppose."



ASIDE from its all-star quality, however, it was chiefly as a thing of beauty that the Players' revival stood out. With a simple set of screens and two or three inspired pieces of furniture, Norman Bel Geddes made the stage of the Lyceum into four as lovely interiors as ever we remember seeing. Of course, he began with a terrific handicap over other scenic artists in that he could count absolutely on the presence of Ethel Barrymore in a Gainsborough

hat. That alone would make a setting beautiful. That alone would make a nation supreme. After seeing that, we feel that the race which was begun with the Neanderthal Man and which has come, stage by stage, up through the centuries, has now reached its peak, and that the gods may henceforth turn their attention to developing something else.



AS we entered the theatre at which "Adrienne" is playing, the first words we heard coming from the stage were the following:

"Well, how's the world treating you?"
"Not very often."

We were on our way out of the theatre again when it occurred to us that maybe we had heard wrong. Somehow it didn't seem possible. So we turned around and went to our seat. Our faith in human nature is nothing short of maudlin.

As it turned out later, we probably heard the joke as it was spoken, for there followed in quick succession some of its elder brothers and sisters. "Adrienne" can boast of more veteran jokes on its payroll than any other organization in town.



AND yet, because Richard Carle and Billy B. Van are funny men in their own right, you soon get to a point where, like the strains of an old song, the old *mots* bring back a warm glow of amusement just as they did the first time you heard them. And the music, which is by Albert von Tilzer, is pleasantly reminiscent of the old "Von Tilzer Dance Folio" from which you used to pick out notes in the high-school mandolin-club days. All the verses give the impression of starting out like the verse of "Come Take a Trip in My Airship." Once the first three bars are out of the clarinet, you can whistle the rest along with the orchestra. And in this there is always a certain amount of senile fun.

On the whole, with Vivienne Segal to sing Mr. von Tilzer's pleasant tunes, "Adrienne" makes a fairly acceptable summer entertainment if you aren't too fussy and don't mind being jumped at by the ghosts of old friends.

Robert C. Benchley.

Unmasked

(A Commencement Program Based on the Very Latest Discoveries of Upton Sinclair.)

CANDIDATES for degrees, after their credentials have received the visé of the legal representative of Mr. Rockefeller, will be searched by employees of Mr. Morgan for contraband ideas. They will then be handcuffed and blindfolded and will march to the place of the exercises, the band playing "Up the Street (Wall)."

The president and corporation having renewed their oath of fealty to Judge Gary, the assemblage will sing the Doxology, to the tune of "Old Hundred Per Cent," accompanied by the house organ.

The scripture lesson will be from a major profit.

A standardized commencement address will be broadcasted from the publicity department of the National City Bank. It will later be printed in the subsidized press.

Honorary degrees will be conferred upon millionaires, corporation lawyers and representatives of the effete aristocracies of Europe.

Members of the faculty will form lockstep and march to their summer concentration camp.

Diplomas will be presented by a representative of the National Cash Register Company.

Private detectives will disperse the crowd. S. K.

Next!

A GENIAL optimist over in London (Eng.) is offering prizes for the inventions of the future which will most benefit the human race. We offer the following suggestions to those embryonic Edisons who may wish something on which to exercise their talents:

Turkish tobacco cigarettes, containing turkish tobacco. Non-skid bath mats.

Wash-bowl stoppers that won't get out of order.

Automatic theatre curtains that will rise at 8:15.

Inflammable coal.

Feature films that are not "super," and cost less than \$1,000,000.

A baseball manager not confident of the pennant.

Edible artichokes.

Reliable football game forecasts.



John Drew, Litt. D.

WHEN John Drew went to Dartmouth, and donned a gown and hood,
We grumbled: "Now he's 'Doctor' he'll settle down for good!
No more the midnight hour to him a gala time shall be,
He'll have to go to bed at ten now he's a staid Litt. D.

"He'll have to curb his flashing wit and Greek and Latin quote,—
Where will he find Falernian to wet his scholar's throat?—
He'll be, as he has always been, a glory to our town,
But where's the tailor skilled enough to cut his hood and gown?

"The bays are fresh upon his brow, a nation cheers him on,
But we must call him 'Doctor' who used to call him 'John';
And proud though we may be of him, we'll mourn the old days when
John Drew was not a Litt. D. (Hon.)—and sat up after ten!"

Edward S. Van Zile.



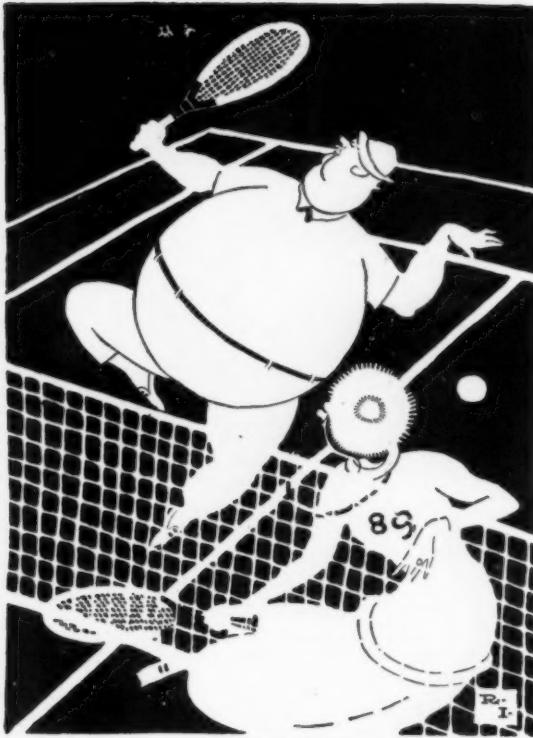
"WELL, I HAVEN'T BEEN TAPPED YET."



"HEAVEN BE PRAISED—AT LAST! I
WONDER WHICH ONE IT IS. SKIN
AND BONES? ROLL AND CHEESE?
DOG'S HEAD?"



"SAY, PERC, I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL
OVER FOR YOU—HOW ABOUT THAT
TWENTY BUCKS YOU BORROWED
LAST MONTH?"



MIXED DOUBLES
Both: PARDON—MY BALL, I THINK!

Commencement Day at an Agricultural College

FOUR-THIRTY A. M. Class rooster crows. Everybody up.

5:00. Arrival of parents to see sons graduate, resulting in twenty acres of parked Fords.

6:00. Philippic by Class Orator against Daylight Saving.

7:00. Class Poet reads poem of the realism school in which "Harvest moon" is not once rhymed with "June," nor "love" with "dove," since the latter is termed a "squab."

9:00. Planting of the Class Tomato Vine.

11:00. Light luncheon: fried chicken, potatoes, green vegetables, cider, doughnuts, cake, pie, coffee, etc.

2:30. P. M. Farm bloc party in streets of college town. Guests of honor from Congress.

4:00. Address by President: "He Ain't Done Right by Our Nell."

4:30. Handing out of handsome mail-order diplomas.

5:00. Exciting contest in which the milking team wins over a rival institution by one and one-half pints of double cream and two and three-quarters pounds of butter fat.

6:00. Barbecue and light supper.

7:30. Arrival of the city fellers for the Prom.

7:45. Cancellation of the Prom.

8:00. Good-night song by the Glee Club: an especially composed ditty entitled, "Early to Bed and Early to Rise Makes Farmers Healthy and Puts 'Em Wise."

Fairfax Downey.



Foreman: YES, I'LL GIVE YE A JOB SWEEPIN' AN' KEEPIN' THE PLACE CLEAN.
"BUT I'M A COLLEGE GRADUATE."

"WELL THEN, MAYBE YE BETTER START ON SOMETHIN' SIMPLER."



Very Young Lady (leaving her first matinee): I'VE HAD A LOVELY AFTERNOON. WON'T YOU COME AND SEE ME SOMETIME?

Hints for Collegians

BELIEVE nothing, except what you are told.

Politics is a game for muckers. Be dignified, and let who will be powerful.

It is just as important to know whom to cut as when.

Prepossession is nine points of the professorial law.

Shakespeare got along on small Latin and less Greek. He could not even tell a Deke from a Kappa Sig.

No one in the world seems so great to you as the captain of the football team. No one is.

Actions speak louder than words; particularly breach of promise actions.

Be conservative. A man might just as well take an interest in art as be a radical.

The newspapers exaggerate everything except the importance of a big football game.

Broadly speaking, the classics are so called because you do not understand them.

Either the Cambridge or the Oxford accent is quite all right; but beware their interest in government.

Your education is complete the day you receive your first dividend check. *James K. McGuinness.*

He Knew

THE teacher had been trying to explain fractions to a class in arithmetic. Turning to Johnny, she said:

"If you work eight hours a day, what part of the day do you work?"

"The hottest," replied Johnny, whose father was a farmer.

IT'S beginning to look as if we should have to join the League of Nations in order to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment.

"Plot"

"Plot is of minor importance"—Booth Tarkington.

THE Plot, the Plot,
It boils the pot.

Character study?
It makes it muddy.

Imagination?
No circulation.

Ideas, thought?
They count for nought.

A Lit'ry Style?
It ain't worth while.

All said and done:
Plot makes the mon.

Trowbridge Larned.

IT'S never too late for a woman to keep an engagement.



THE longer I live and the more American fiction I read, the gladder I am that the days of my youth were unmarked by the ravages of inward revolt. I can't remember any supercritical period through which I passed, or any erstwhile desire to remould the scheme of things. I may have registered a secret protest against my parents' refusal to let me attend all the dances at a neighboring University to which I was invited, or some such thing as that, but it didn't gnaw at my spirit until it was impossible for me to walk down one of our residential streets without feeling that everybody else in town was less than the dust and I born an age too late or soon.

But the modern young woman of contemporary fiction who has read Remy de Gourmont and D. H. Lawrence has a terrible time of it. She cannot live it down. *Carol Kennicott* certainly started something. "Here," reads the jacket of Margaret Culkin Banning's "Country Club People" (Doran), "is the modern girl—not this time the drinking, dancing flapper—but a girl fascinated by today's ideas of emancipation and individualism, believing in them honestly, and fiercely resolved not only to believe but to lead them." Now anybody heralded as fiercely resolved to anything bids fair to be a little dull, and while I don't want to disparage *Miss Ruth Driscoll*, who is a fine, brave heroine, according to her light, there's nothing to keep me from saying that the light is a little poor. I really prefer the drinking, dancing flapper to young women who walk around the golf course talking about Joseph Conrad.

"Country Club People" is another novel based on the social life of a Middle Western city. I found it rather interesting. That sounds like faint praise, but it isn't when you realize what a problem adjectives are to book reviewers.

"BALLOONS," by Elizabeth Bibesco (Doran), isn't exactly a new book, but as it has not yet received notice in these pages, it is my duty

to tell you, in a missionary spirit, that it is one of the most satisfactory volumes of short stories—they aren't much more than sketches—that I have ever read. Sympathy, sophistication and literary ability are an unbeatable triumvirate, and the author has all three.

Princess Bibesco is the daughter of Margot Asquith. As far as I am concerned, she can do all the writing for her family in the future.

At least one thing can be said at the outset for "Time Is Whispering," by Elizabeth Robins (Harper). There aren't any distract or frolicking young people in it. And that's something. The heroine must be forty-five if she's a day, and the hero is also in the autumn of his life. But don't let that put you off the book. The fact does a good deal for the body of the dialogue.

If you go in for plot, however, you won't have to read more than the

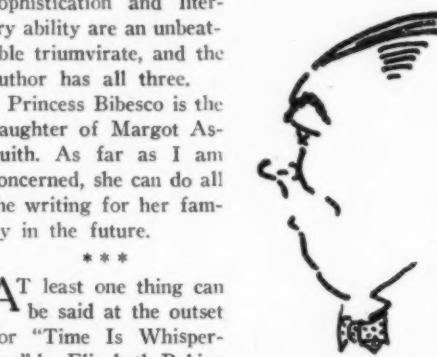
first two pages of this book, for therein you will learn that Sir Henry Ellerton, after three years' absence, returns to his country estate to find that a woman has rented the adjoining property, and inasmuch as he isn't a bit enthusiastic over the fair sex, it is almost more than he can bear. A child of ten could figure out that the final chapter will find said lady in Sir Henry's arms. And it does.

"CONTACT," by Frances Noyes Hart (Doubleday, Page), takes its title from the first story, which won second prize in the O.

Henry Memorial Award Contest of 1920. Another story in the book, "Green Gardens," was included by Edward J. O'Brien in one of his collections of best short stories. In spite of such depressing admissions, it is a pleasure to announce that the stories are really good. I liked "There Was a Lady" best.

"A POCKETFUL OF POSES," by Anne Parrish (Doran), doesn't quite come off. It was a bitter blow, too, because it starts out so promisingly with a heroine whose "guiding impulses were politeness and a feeling for the dramatic." Her grandmother, too, promised well. "Mrs. Trent asked only to be let alone. She also wanted the softest chair, the breast of the chicken, the top of the cream in the morning," etc. She had a sharp tongue and was thoroughly delightful, and what does Miss Parrish do but kill her off on page 88, for the same reason, I suppose, that Shakespeare disposed of the dashing Mercutio. The story which such a rash deed permits her to get on with amounts to little, and ends in some foolish dialogue which it is inconceivable that an author who had displayed such bright flashes of humor could have written.

Diana Warwick.



AUSTIN STRONG, AS
SEEN BY ROLAND YOUNG



F. P. A.—A FORE-AND-AFT IMPRESSION
BY ROLAND YOUNG



Skippy: WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU
AIN'T PLAYIN' THE BAG LIKE YOU
USED TO DID—GIVE US YOUR GLOVE!

Skippy: NOW WATCH ME! ALL RIGHT,
FELLERS! LET'S HAVE A FEW.



Skippy: NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND
HOW TO DO IT?

Skippy—No. 13

THE SILENT DRAMA

"Trailing African Wild Animals"

MR. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, who have given us many interesting glimpses of the South Seas, have lately been to Africa, and have returned with a remarkable picture of life in the dark continent.

They have recorded, on their sensitive negatives, all varieties of fauna—including long-eared elephants, ring-tailed rhinoceroses and freckled wart-hogs—but the pleasantest and most engaging character in every scene is Mrs. Martin Johnson herself. Mrs. Johnson gets little competition from the four-footed members of the supporting cast, but she would have stood out just as decisively if the elephants, rhinoceroses, gazelles, etc., had been impersonated by Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith, Betty Blythe, Mary Miles Minter or any other of the acknowledged film stars.

"Trailing African Wild Animals" is the best of the various travel pictures that have come out this year, because it was made by people who know how to mix a little honest entertainment with their instruction.

"Garrison's Finish"

IF some student of scenario technique were to gather together all the horse-race stories that have ever appeared on the screen, and form them into a composite picture, he would find that he had duplicated the plot of "Garrison's Finish."

It is unquestionably the most stereotyped narrative that I have ever seen. There isn't a surprise in a barrelful of it. If the author of the story had said, at the start, "Stop me if you've heard this one," the audience would have halted him before he had finished the first reel.

Jack Pickford is pretty good as the jockey-hero, and there are some effective pictures of the Kentucky Derby; but you can see those in any news reel, and it's over with so much quicker.

"Fog Bound"

THERE is plenty of good old-fashioned excitement in "Fog Bound," provided by Dorothy Dalton, a liberal use of fire-arms, and a succession of misty scenes in the Everglades of Florida.

It was directed by Irvin Willat, who is a staunch believer in the value of steady action. He doesn't give the spectator any opportunity to stop and think, "What is this all about, anyway?" He keeps the attention focused on the screen, and thereby forestalls the possibility of any dangerous intellectual activity out front.

It is a sensible system and "Fog Bound," as a result, is a consistently interesting picture.

"The Girl of the Golden West"

HERE is another stalwart example of swift and continuous action.

"The Girl of the Golden West" is straight melodrama, filled with the same type of thrills that used to chill spines in the days of Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell, and adorned with the world's greatest collection of ham sub-titles. Last week, in the Movie Number, I published a few "Familiar Quotations from the Screen"; one of these, "God, girl—I've got you and the cyards in my blood to-night," was lifted bodily from "The Girl of the Golden West."

Russell Simpson is splendid as the cold-blooded Sheriff who makes that classic utterance, and the frontier

types are well chosen. I recommend "The Girl of the Golden West" to those who like to remember the old times when the movies first entered their widely advertised infancy.

"The White Rose"

IFF you have tears, prepare to shed them now"—there is a new Griffith picture on view.

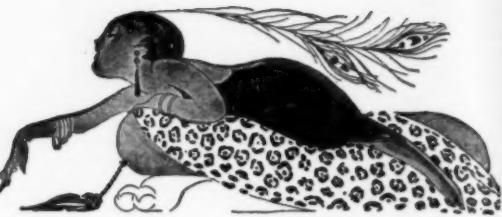
D. W. Griffith has created many celluloid sob promoters in his time, but I doubt that any of them, with the possible exception of "Broken Blossoms," is as effective in this respect as "The White Rose."

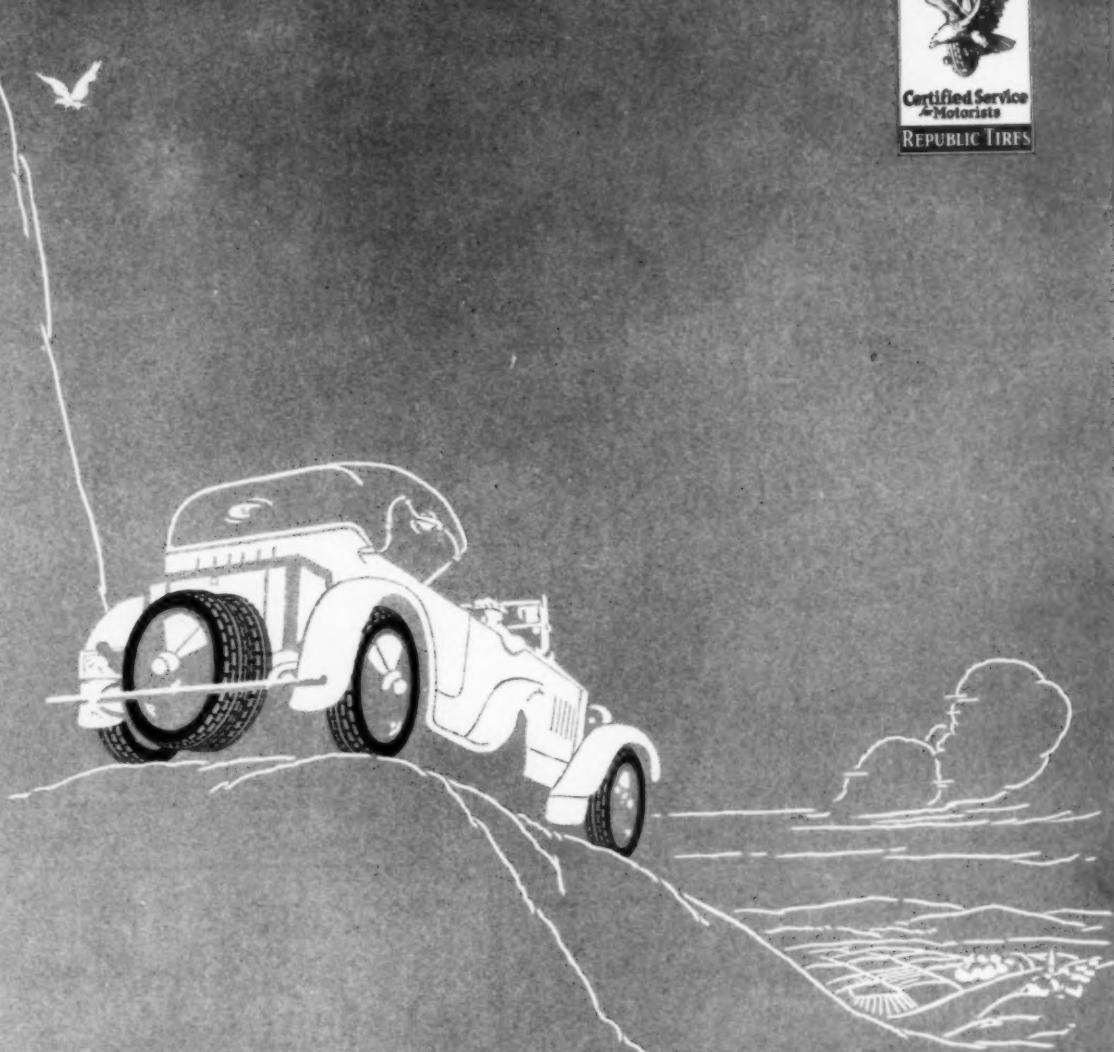
There has been some sort of relief in Mr. Griffith's previous productions, such as battle scenes, chases and eleventh-hour rescues, but in "The White Rose" he settles down to a serious program of pathos. His story is just one long wail.

Mr. Griffith shows Mae Marsh in all stages of depression, and anyone who can resist Miss Marsh's appeal was born with no lachrymal glands. He shows great masses of water hyacinths drifting slowly down a sleepy Southern stream. He shows the interior of a church. He shows a baby crying for food. He shows rain falling. And he puts over every point with devastating effect.

Few people who see "The White Rose" will care to admit that it made them cry. It is inhuman, improbable, artificial and unreal, and those who are moved by it will feel heartily ashamed of themselves when they think it over in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after. But the fact remains: "The White Rose" accomplishes its purpose while it lasts. And he who can truthfully say that it failed to affect him is a better man than this impressionable reviewer.

Robert E. Sherwood.





SILENCE ~ SECURITY ~ SERVICE

Motoring unmarred by mechanical noise has long been the goal of motor-car manufacturers. Today they have practically reached that goal: And Republic, following the demand for the elimination of noise have, in Republic Tires, overcome that nerve racking hum common to many so called non-skid tires. Republic means silence.

But although Republics are silent, the Staggard studs of Producium Processed rubber form the most scientifically correct non-skid tread

yet developed. Neither muddy roads nor slippery asphalt hold any terrors for the man who drives Republics. Republic means security.

Furthermore, wherever you drive, Republic backs you up with a Certified Tire Service. Carefully picked men in every part of the country are always ready to render you any help or advice in their power. The Republic Sign of the Eagle is the mark of this wide-spread organization. Remember it. Look for it. Republic means service.

REPUBLIC TIRES

WITH SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS

**The Taussig Bluebird**

Two chickadees sat in a tree,
Enjoying the warmth of the sun;
Said one, "We will show all the people
below
That two can live cheerer than one."
—Harvard Lampoon.

"Tomorrow"

A lady was visiting her sister in the country. She overslept one morning and was awakened by her little niece, three and a half years old, who exclaimed, "Aunt Annie, get up; the world has begun!"

—Christian Register.

JUDGE: Have you ever been convicted before?

PRISONER: No, always after.

—Karikaturen (Christiania).

NOTHING is more imitated than an inimitable style.

—Ohio State Journal.



*Gallery Humorist: I'LL 'AVE A WING,
PEDRO.—London Mail.*

THE VICTIM (in bookstore): I want a book for a boy of seventeen.

THE CLERK: Studious, or normal?

—New York Sun.

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Why Henry Was Always So Fresh

The hotter the night, the fresher he was in the morning. Others complained of sleeplessness, but Henry, he always slept fine. Henry wore Faultless Pajamas, hence Henry was always fresh and fit.

Wise men, since 1881, have slept in Faultless Pajamas, Night Shirts and Sleepcoats.

Faultless Nightwear, since 1881, has been cut to conform to the lines of the body from shoulders to ankles. There is ample room at the shoulders, elbows and knees. No binding, chafing or pinching anywhere. The buttons stay put.

Faultless Nightwear is made of durable exquisite fabrics to fit any stature, any pocketbook. Ask for Faultless Nightwear and sleep in comfort ever after.

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SINCE 1881
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"
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REGD TRADE MARK

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of flappers, fashion, fancy which have brought
you the joy that comes only

FROM

reading the best in America's
foremost magazine of humor—

66 LIFE 99

With Introductory Words

by

OLIVER HERFORD

and

Orchestration

by

CHARLES B. FALLS

The names included in the list of authors are such exceedingly familiar ones as Arthur Guiterman, Christopher Morley, Carolyn Wells, Dorothy Parker, James Whitcomb Riley, Ted Robinson, Franklin P. Adams, Richard Le Gallienne and John V. A. Weaver.

"Not only is the editing clever, but the poems themselves are. It is a veritable feast of unreason."
—Boston Transcript.

\$2.50

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue

New York



*One million
new users
will say this year:
"Royal Cords!"*

The New Discoveries in Rubber Manufacture *Now applied to U.S. Royal Cords*

BY this time you have probably read the newspaper announcements of the three greatest discoveries in tire manufacture in the history of tires.

For your convenience we repeat them—

1. Sprayed Rubber—the first truly pure rubber.
2. Web Cord—a rubber-webbed sheet of cords with every filament of each cord impregnated and surrounded by pure natural rubber. It does away with all cross tie-threads. It is the most substantial step in friction elimination since the old type square woven fabric gave way to cord construction.

3. The new Flat Band Process of building a cord tire—ensuring for the first time a uniform tire equalized through and through in resiliency and resistance to puncture and wear.

These three new major contributions to the art of rubber manufacture have been utilized to give the Royal Cord a better, longer lived—more resilient carcass and a better, stronger, longer wearing tread.

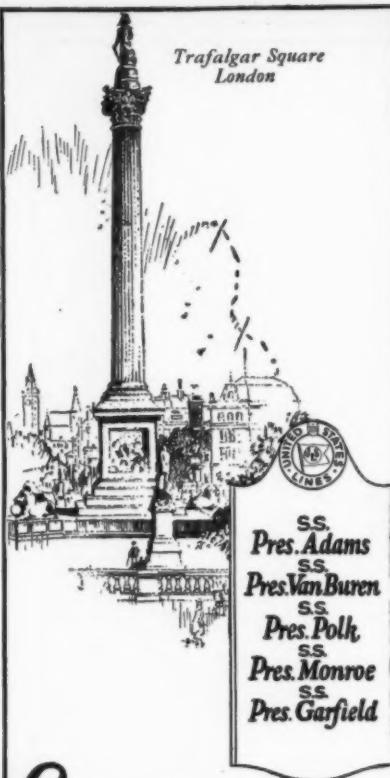
Again you see U. S. Royal Cords living up to their leadership obligations.

Again you see U. S. Royal Cords practicing what they preach:

Competition for greater public confidence and larger public service.



United States Tires are Good Tires



Each Wednesday to London

ONE of the five famous "cabin" ships of the United States Lines sails to Plymouth, Cherbourg and London each Wednesday from New York. You can count on the regularity of these sailings just as a commuter does his trains. In fact, with a rate as low as \$120 to London for cabin passage on these unusually comfortable ships, commuting to Europe is almost a possibility. Send the blank below today for full information.

Passage may be had on first class ships up to \$2200. A first class ship sails every Saturday from New York.

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Expert Advice

The town hall was packed for the traveling melodrama, and the village audience followed the young heroine's tribulations with breathless interest.

She was having a terrible time. In the space of five short minutes she was tied to a railroad track, narrowly escaped being dissected by a buzz saw, and had been thrown over the edge of a precipice. At last it appeared that she was certainly doomed. The villain led her into a lonely cave and cast her into the presence of a huge gorilla.

"R-revenge!" muttered the villain.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" moaned the beauteous one.

It was too much. The strain could not be borne for another minute. Up rose a man in the audience and yelled in frenzied excitement:

"Chuck him a nut, miss!"

—*American Legion Weekly*.

The Millionaire

They are telling in Moscow a good story of a profiteer who sat in the best restaurant guzzling away regardless of expense. "How can you gorge yourself like that," asked a friend, "when so many millions are starving on the Volga?"

The profiteer took his knife from his mouth. "Steady on," he protested, "you know what Soviet millions are."

—*London Daily Express*.

Business

FATHER (to son who has been taking a course of salesmanship): Well, my boy, what do you know about business now?

SON (who has the root of the matter in him): Only this—that it's simply making people think that they can't get what they don't want.

—*London Morning Post*.

Happy Returns

Jimmie was six years old, and his brother Charlie seven. Charlie fell ill on Jimmie's birthday and missed the party, and when the younger brother came upstairs to go to bed he said to the elder: "Gee, but it was great! If you get sick on your birthday, too, can I borrow it?"

—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

That's Often the Trouble

HE: But my dear, what is the use of my taking up fencing, instead of boxing? If I was attacked I shouldn't have my foils with me!

SHE (triumphantly): Ah! but you might not have your boxing gloves with you, either!—*Humorist (London)*.

A LOT of trouble on this earth grows out of someone's attempt to let his conscience be your guide.—*Detroit News*.

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Mixed

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MANAGER (to ticket-seller): Charlie, give the doctor a seat in the orchestra, and charge it to advertising.

—*Harlem Life*.

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Local ad—"Furnished room wanted by a gentleman or partly so." Partly so? Oh, yes—a gent.

—*Boston Transcript*.



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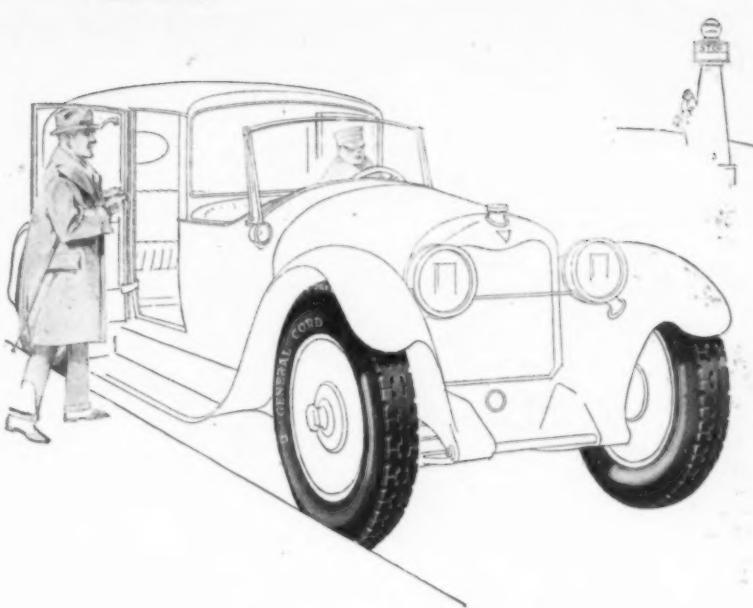
FISK

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-six years. In that time it has expended \$221,827.60 and given a fortnight in the country to 44,325 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to **LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND**, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

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IT isn't so much the "tired business man" that interests us—as it is having him well tired.



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may slip from your hand repeatedly, yet will not break.

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A patented aluminum re-enforcement at this point makes NUVO practically accident-proof.

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(Continued on next page)

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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Lamps are dependable.
And for safety's sake,
carry a kit of spare lamps
as you carry a spare tire.



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(Continued from page 29)

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I personally request every gray haired person to write for my patented Free Trial package, and let me prove how easily, quickly and surely gray, faded or discolored hair can be restored to its perfect, natural color.

This offer would be impossible if I couldn't guarantee results. But I perfected my Restorer to bring back the original color to my own prematurely gray hair, and I know just what it will do.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing. Nothing to wash or rub off. Restored hair perfectly natural in all lights, no streaking or discoloration.

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Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light sable (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

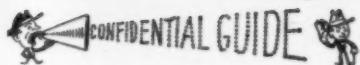
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The Fool. *Times Square*—A second-rate dramatic method of putting over first-rate sociology.

For Value Received. *Apollo*—Containing the first stage blindman who isn't kindly. Good of its kind.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—A real play, with real acting by Jeanne Eagels. Not for tender minds, young or old.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Make-believe. **Uptown West.** *Bijou*—A presentation of the Japanese problem which contains much that is good—and other things.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—We give up.

Aren't We All. *Gaiety*—Cyril Maude in something just amusing enough for summer wear.

Cold Feet. *Fulton*—A lot of people like May Vokes, not including us.

The Devil's Disciple. *Garrick*—Partly tepid Shaw, and partly Shaw at his best.

Give and Take. *Central*—Just about as bad as "Abie's Irish Rose," which augurs well for its success.

Icebound. *Sam H. Harris*—Well-acted play dealing with the peasantry of Maine.

Mary the 3rd. Thirty-Ninth St.—

A warning -bleeding gums

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentists cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

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Every one is of the same quality. A former national champion recently said, "The steel shaft is the only uniform, dependable golf shaft—with the steel shaft the best man wins always". They come in all degrees of whippiness. Any type of hickory shafted club can be duplicated in steel. Then, too, they will not warp, crack or rust—the "feel" will stay the same year after year.

Professionals and Sporting Goods Dealers: No stock is complete without a full supply of Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs. Thousands are being sold. Every golfer is interested. Write for information.



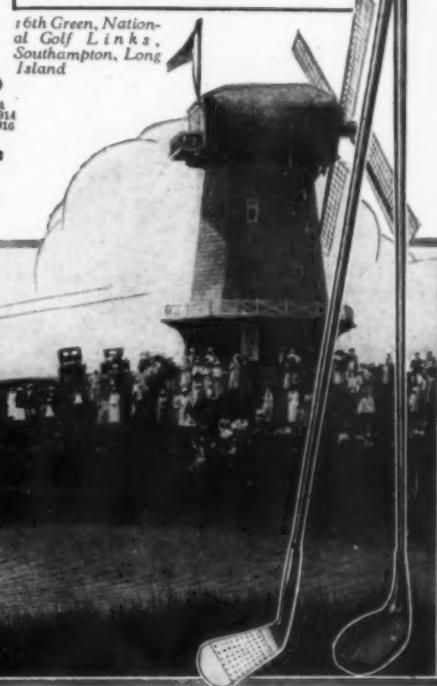
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Modern marriage views expressed in terms that make them seem conventional.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort*—Glenn Hunter as the comedian who breaks your heart.

Not So Fast. *Morosco*—Taylor Holmes in an old story with one or two old twists. **Polly Preferred.** *Little*—Fun with the movies.

So This Is London! *Hudson*—Successful burlesque of British and American types.

You and I. *Belmont*—Refined comedy, done in the best manner.

Zander the Great. *Empire*—Alice Brady among the bootleggers.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Caroline. *Ambassador*—If you like your music straight.

Dew Drop Inn. *Astor*—Jim Barton in black-face makes everything all right.

Go-Go. *Daly's*—Good and fast.

Helen of Troy, N. Y. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed later.

Little Nellie Kelly. *Liberty*—One of those Cohan dancing shows.

Music Box Review. *Music Box*—A beautiful sight, and several giggles.

Scandals of 1923. *Globe*—To be reviewed later.

Up She Goes. *Playhouse*—Just a real good show.

Wildflower. *Casino*—An irresistible score.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Eddie Cantor has replaced Will Rogers, otherwise the show is in its second year.

No Time to Lose

DENTIST: Don't worry, sonny, your teeth will grow in again.

YOUNGSTER: Yeah! But will they grow in again before dinner?

THE sense of humor diminishes as the center of gravity approaches the ego.

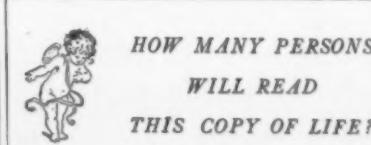
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4 lines or less, in dark blue
ink, on both paper and envelope.
Sheet also 6x7. Fine texture
"Hammond Mill Bond" used.
Money refunded if not fully satisfied.

RITEMOR STATIONERY CO.
209 Century Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.
West of Denver \$1.10



*Saw off
this
coupon*

As long as the coupon below stays where it is, it is NO GOOD to anybody. Detached, signed, and mailed —ah, then! All will be different.

Get the Coupon off somehow.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20; Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for ten weeks to

286

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)



Removing the coupon is one of the best ways of getting LIFE delivered to your house regularly for ten weeks.

Think of the joy of having LIFE all to yourself in your own easy chair once a week for ten weeks. You can sit there and laugh, silently or noisily (according to your bringing-up). And you should sit down seriously to do nothing but laugh for an hour, now and then. It is excellent discipline to do it weekly.

*Make happiness routine.
Cut out gloom.
Cut out the Coupon.*

Life

Rhymed Reviews

Faint Perfume

By Zona Gale

D. Appleton & Co.

AMONG the simply-awful Crumbs
How lost was high-strung Leda
Perrin!
As out of place as worms in plums
Or thumbs in soup or snakes in Erin.

When Leda didn't have a cent,
When Leda's health was out of
kelter,
Those horrid, earthy Crumbs they
went
And gave her food and warmth and
shelter.

No Crumbs have either taste or tact;
A Crumb will stare and lift an eye-
brow
When one departs from humdrum
Fact
Or slings a phrase a trifle highbrow.

Yet while no Crumbs have souls that
rise
Above their bread, or else Uneadas,
Tis not so hard to sympathize
With what such Crumbs must think
of Ledas.

"Oh, Leda's dreadful bright!" they
say;
"Of course she's bound to keep her
pose up,
But when we talk,—well, anyway,
She needn't always turn her nose up.

"If she's so smart and wise and grand
Why can't she kind of let us know
her?
It's up to her to understand
Poor folks like us, so far below her.

"Then we might give her all that's due
To one so fine and far above us,
And she might learn a thing or two
If she would try to know and love
us."

So gentle writers, hear my plea,
And let the hearts within you soften
Benignly toward the Bourgeoisie;
You're kicking them a bit too often.
A. G.

A Few Results of Having a New Girl

HALF-FULL boxes of gold-tipped cigarettes . . . florists' bills . . . discoveries of formerly unknown restaurants . . . bits of poetry learned by heart . . . the purchase of new neckwear . . . a thorough knowledge of the Park . . . the latest dance steps . . . an intimate acquaintance with hotel lobbies . . . a general brushing-up on semi-forgotten facts . . . an overdrawn bank account.

THE Supreme Court has held that there can be no more liquor with water on the side unless you have water on all sides.



—THEN A DIVE for a Cool "Crush"

Come in, the water's fine! Come out and your throat seems burned to a cinder—then's the time to make a dive for a Ward's Orange-Crush. Tip up the "Krinkly Bottle." Wade right in and let it cool you all the way down. It just reaches into the corners and soothes away the raw edges of your thirst. Be sure of the "Krinkly Bottle" when you order a "Crush" in Orange, Lemon or Lime flavors, whether it's just one bottle or a case.

ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

47 Gt. Tower Street, London, E. C. 3 Orange-Crush Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Ward's Orange-CRUSH

Try Ward's
LEMON-CRUSH LIME-CRUSH
The two delicious companion drinks
of Orange-Crush
—also delightful, Crush-flavored
Ice Cream, Ices and Sherbets
Ask any retail ice cream dealer for them



CONSTITUENTS

Ward's "Crushes" owe their distinctive and delightful flavors to the natural fruit oils of oranges, lemons and limes. To these have been added pure cane sugar, citrus fruit juices, U. S. certified food color, fruit acid and carbonated water.

(8)



You just know she wears them

It is the easiest thing in the world for McCallum to follow fashion's insistence upon the new colors and shades so strangely named, because McCallum takes the time and care necessary for the special excellence all women want in hosiery.

Would you like to see the McCallum de luxe book? It illustrates the styles of silk hosiery that we make. We will post one of these books to you if you will send a card to McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Massachusetts.

